The World.

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MORE ROTTEN HOSE.

NINETEEN lengths of hose burst and twenty firemen were injured at the Eighteenth street fire yesterday. Since nobody was killed this is an improvement over the Parker Building fire, where more hose burst and three firemen were killed, and the Worth street fire, where four lengths of hose burst and two firemen were killed. Yesterday's fire loss was $250,000. This would pay for 200,000 feet of good 2½ inch hose.

Since the Parker Building and Worth street fires Commissioner Lantry has resigned and a new Fire Commissioner is the nominal head of the department. M. Francis Loughman, who sold the city rotten hose, is still deputy to Water Commissioner O'Brien. Commissioner O'Brien, who was secretary to the Mayor when the Loughman hose was bought, and who as Fire Commissioner did not require the replacement of the rotten Loughman hose, is still Water Commissioner.

If after the facts about the rotten hose and low water pressure were made public by The Evening World Mayor McClellan had removed Commissioner O'Brien and his deputy, Loughman, there would have been an object lesson of some importance, but Lantry's resignation only meant that when public clamor became too insistent somebody must be found to be the "goat," and that the real reason for rotten hose would continue.

After the Parker Building fire the city bought 80,000 feet of hose. The bids accepted were those of the Diamond Rubber Company and the Republic Rubber Company. For 2½ inch hose for Brooklyn the Diamond Rubber Company got the contract at $1.13½ a foot. For 2½ inch hose for Manhattan the Republic Rubber Company got the contract at $1.04 a foot.

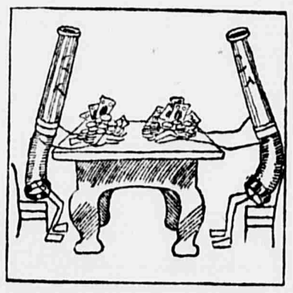
Conversely for the 3 inch hose for Manhattan the Diamond Rubber Company got the contract at $1.73½ a foot, and for 3 inch hose for Brooklyn the Republic Rubber Company got the contract at $1.64 a foot.

Curiously, too, there was just 9½ cents difference on each bid for each kind of hose between these two companies, and each company was high on one size and low on the other in Brooklyn, and low on one and high on the other in Manhattan.

Just why 9½ cents more should be paid for 2½ inch hose in Brooklyn than in Manhattan, and exactly 9½ cents more for 3 inch hose in Manhattan than in Brooklyn, does not appear.

It will be interesting to know whether this hose bursts.

Rotten hose is merely one of the many manifestations of rotten government. Rotten hose is where it can be seen, but the loss to the public from it is less than from the rotten water pipes which are hid under ground, for whose leakage the Water Department is responsible.

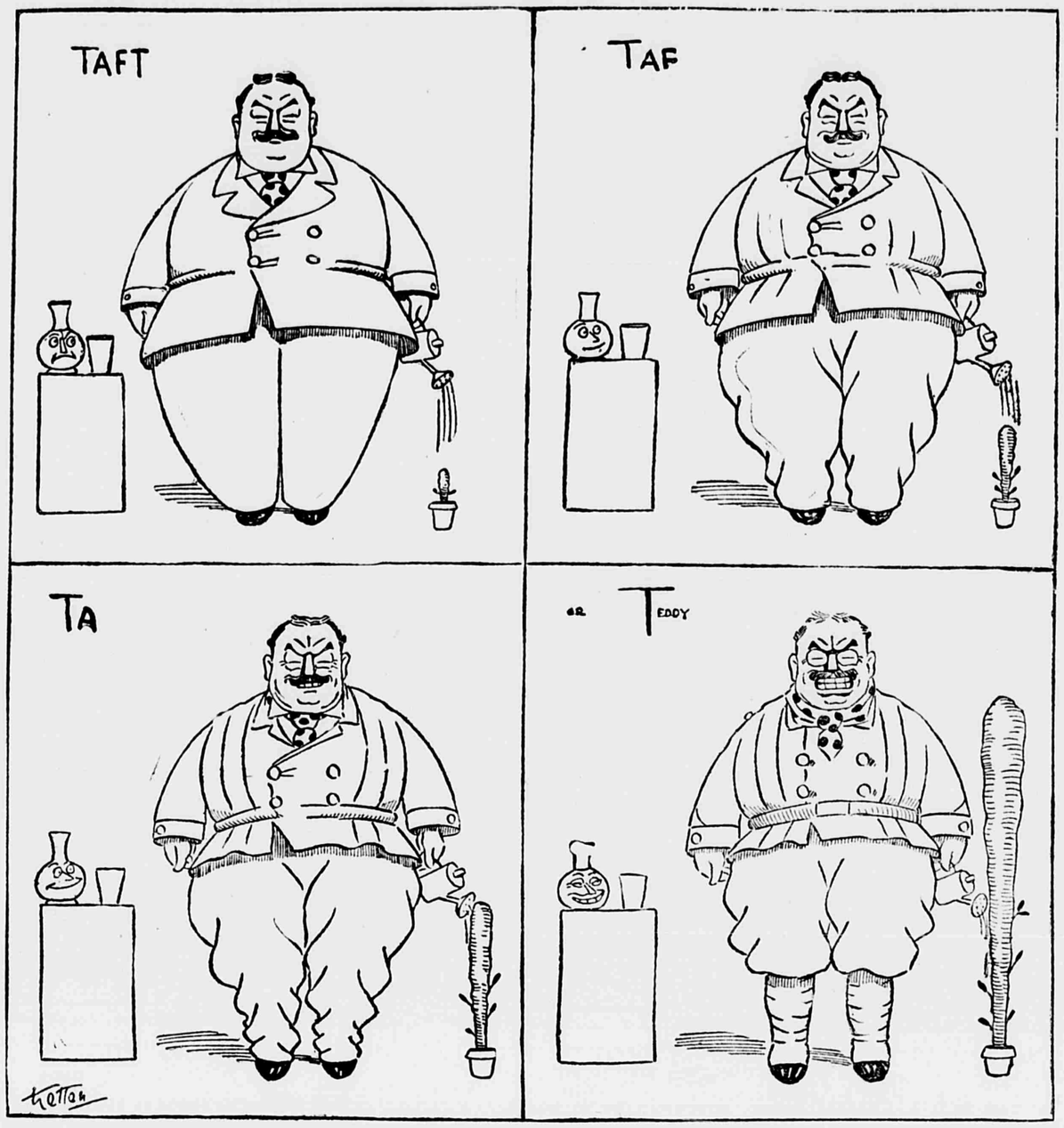


The hose is no more rotten than the practice of the city's finance department of using the proceeds of long term bonds to meet current expenses. It is no more rotten than the Kissena and Hamilton Park graft, than the purchase of fifty-nine school sites which are not used, than the expenditure of $195,000 for automobiles to give city officials and their women friends "joy rides."

No bigger mistake was made in the last amendments to the city charter than increasing the term of the Mayor and Comptroller from two to four years.

The Evolution of Taft.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Best Way to Observe Lent Is to Join a Harlem Sewing Circle and Get the Benefit of All the Jaw and Jabber That Go With It.

By Roy L. McCardell.


Roy L. McArdell

"SOME people have a nerve!" said Mrs. Jarr with a sniff.

"And some people have nerves," said Mr. Jarr.

"They get that from living with husbands who worry them till they are nearly insane for years and years and years!" snapped Mrs. Jarr.

"Hold on there!" said Mr. Jarr in alarm. "Let's stop this before it begins. I mean nothing personal. What were you going to say about some people having a nerve?"

"I suppose I should have expressed it differently," said Mrs. Jarr, "but hearing you use slang so much I unconsciously fall into the habit myself. What I meant was that Mrs. Stryver certainly is most inconsiderate."

"What's she been doing now?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, she telephoned me that she was coming over to see me this morning about joining her sewing society for the benefit of the Harlem Half-Orphans."

"I thought Mrs. Stryver and you were not very friendly?" said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, we are friendly enough," said Mrs. Jarr, "only she is one of those newly rich upstarts who would like to cut a person if they dared or thought they could get up a little higher in the social scale. But if she had all the money in the world she'd be impossible, while, poor as we are, my family"——

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," said Mr. Jarr, "but what about this sewing for the Harlem Half-Orphans? Sew something—this vest button—for a full orphan, won't you?"

"The orphan in question doesn't happen to be full at the present moment, strange to say," remarked Mrs. Jarr, "but I'll put on the button." And she searched through her button box for something on the general style of the missing fastener.

"Why has she a nerve asking you to join a sewing society?" asked Mr. Jarr, while the button-sewing was in progress.

"Because she's like all those women with money," said Mrs. Jarr. "Instead of doing something themselves for the poor or paying out money and being done with it for good charities, they get up fairs and bazaars and beg articles from tradesmen, and then wheedle and hold up and rob and practically blackmail everybody they know to take chances. And they'll give musicales that cost them $200 to sell thirty dollars' worth of tickets, or they'll buy new dresses just to wear to charitable affairs, the dresses costing more than all the money raised twice over. What won't they do? And how true it is that 'Charity covers a multitude of sins!'"

"What's all that got to do with the Harlem Half-Orphans?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Are you going to sew for them?"

"I guess not!" said Mrs. Jarr, emphatically. "There are two Harlem half-orphans in this house—for they might as well have no father for all they see of him—and if there is any sewing to be done they need it done for them."

"Charity begins at home as well as doing the sin-covering stunt, eh?" suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Indeed, it does," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Stryver is like a lot of other women I know. They never think of you unless when they want to use you. Now the fad is sewing societies, sewing circles, sewing clubs. Just because it's Lent, oh, my, how charitable and helpful they are! Pack of hypocritical frauds!"

"Oh, just like that, eh?" said Mr. Jarr.

"Yes and worse," said Mrs. Jarr. "There isn't an orphans' home or a hospital or a church but what there is now a half dozen Lenten sewing circles formed. It's just a fad. They meet and portion out the goods from a contributed fund, or each woman buys the goods she is going to sew for the poor or the orphan children, and then they get together and jaw and jabber and talk about people they know, and the shortcomings and divorces of society people, whom they don't know, and then they go home and turn the dresses over to paid seamstresses and go off gabbling to another sewing circle; and then, when the dresses and things are finished by the paid sewing women, the women supposed to do it bring them to the sewing circles and complain how their backs ache from running the sewing machine, because they are not used to it, when most of them were more used to washtubs, if they'd own it."

"And you'll not join in the sewfest for the Half Orphans?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr was just about to say "No" when Mrs. Stryver was announced.

"To be sure I will!" Mr. Jarr heard his wife say in the hall. "I think it's a sweet idea! Wait till I get my hat and wraps and I'll go right with you!"

Letters from the People.

A Horse Trade.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A man sold a horse for $90, bought him back for $80, and resold him again for $100. How much did he gain by the deal, readers, and what per cent?

HARRY E. SMITH, Sayville, L. I.

Children's Education.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

One of the grevious faults in the present form of the education of children is the charging of children's memories with rules which they very often do not understand or soon forget. Let your rules to your children be as few as possible. Do not burden them with laws, for if you do either the child must be very often punished, which will be of ill consequence, or you must let the transgression of your rules go unpunished, whereby your authority will become cheap to them.

NATHANIEL J. ZALOWITZ.

Yes. In 1883.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Did Roosevelt ever run for Mayor of New York City, and when?

N. D.

Conditions in Cuba.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A. C. R. wants to know about the climatic conditions in Havana. I lived there seven years and never was sick. During the summer the average temperature is 80 to 85 degrees, and in the winter 70 degrees. During the winter the same underclothing worn here in the late fall or spring can be used. In summer (May to October) the underclothing should be as light as possible and one should limit the amount of food and avoid spices. Alcohol in any form is very bad, as is excessive smoking and coffee. One should take several glasses of water a day. In the afternoon it would be better not to stay out of doors. When going to low, damp ground it is good to avoid malaria by taking quinine. Avoid (by staying indoors at night and using nets) the mosquitoes that transmit yellow fever. Personal cleanliness and abstinence should be practised.

F. M. F.

Finds Suburban Life Dull.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a young girl not yet nineteen and have a brother of twenty-one. We live in a suburban town in New Jersey which is extremely dull and dreary. We both work in New York business houses and go to and from business each day. After our day's toil we come home, only to find the same old dull monotony. There are no parties, no dances and no entertainment of any kind. What can we do? Would some reader advise how we could make our evenings more pleasant?

H. R. B.

Firemen for Schools.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would it not be advisable to have an experienced fireman stationed in each school during school hours? There is danger of fire occurring in such places, as the Cleveland horror proved. I do not think the Fire Department would miss the men thus employed for those few hours daily.

C. R.

Juvenile Courtship

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM IN DARKTOWN.

By F. G. Long

20 Tales of The Plains

By Buffalo Bill (Wm. F. Cody)

--No. 9--

When I Was "Chief of Scouts."


W. F. CODY.

I HAD been lucky enough to win the approval of that grand old Indian fighter Gen. Carr, and through his recommendations I was made Chief of Scouts for the Department of the Platte. This was how I happened to find myself with the Fifth Cavalry at Fort McPherson.

There the scouting force was joined by some companies of Major North's famous Pawnee scouts. These Pawnees were a fine addition to Uncle Sam's army. They were loyal and brave and could shoot and ride splendidly. Above all, they hated the hostile Sioux as they hated rattlesnakes.

But they were the queerest looking set of fellows in their army uniforms that ever I set eyes on. It was all I could do, when first I saw them on parade, to keep from falling from the saddle with laughter. They drilled splendidly and sat their wiry horses to perfection. But, oh, their ideas of wearing regulation uniform!

One wore a heavy cavalry overcoat (it was midsummer) and nothing else. Others were only breech cloth and cavalry hat. Others had cut their riding trousers into leggings, and, refusing boots, wore spurs on their moccasins. Not a few wore cavalry hat and shirt and no trousers, while others had on trousers, boots and gay blankets.

Their regiment looked like an army man's welsh-rabbit dream.

Yet they were efficient, gallant men. And when I make fun of their ways of dress I am not saying a word against their great worth as soldiers.

After all, they were no more ridiculous in our costume than we would be in theirs. And their ignorance of pale-face dress isn't a patch on our ignorance of Indian paint, feathers, &c. I wonder if most people know, for instance, that every feather, every stripe of war paint, has its own especial meaning? They have.

Easterners seem to suppose Indians daub themselves with paint just for fun. As a matter of fact, there are the best of reasons for it. For example, while civilized governments were trying in vain to solve the problem of a uniform that would be invisible to the enemy, the redskin had long ago settled it. Green paint when fighting in underbrush or grass, yellow paint for sandy country, and so on. Then the paint acts as a preventive for sunburn, and that counts for everything on the scorching plains. It also serves as far better covering in cold weather than one would imagine. I've strayed off from my story. I'll get back to it.

I won the Pawnee scouts' friendship by a very simple feat. They sighted a buffalo herd one day, and, according to their old custom, twenty braves rode around it, killing in all twenty-two. The next nerd that came into view I tackled alone on my trained little buffalo horse. I shot thirty-six. This seemed to the Pawnees something wonderful. As a matter of fact, it was nothing of the sort. I simply knew how. They didn't.

We were out after a war party of hostile Sioux. Our force consisted of part of the Fifth Cavalry, the Pawnees and a few other scouts. Gen. Carr was in command. We advanced cautiously, and I had the good luck to bring our men to a hill above the Sioux camp before the enemy dreamed we were anywhere near.

Gen. Carr ordered his bugler to sound the charge. The poor bugler's teeth were chattering so he could not blow a note. A quartermaster grabbed the bugle from his shaking grip and sounded the call for him.

Down we swept on the camp. Some of the Sioux tried to repel our rush, but we drove them back and sent the whole band flyin' through the hills. We chased them till dark. One thing which made me doubly eager to catch up with them was that I had seen, as I rode through their camp, the print of a dainty little shoe in the mud at a creek bank. Squaws don't wear shoes. So I knew the Sioux had a white woman captive among them. Scouts are trained to note such signs even while galloping after a retreating foe.

The Sioux got away from us that night, and by dawn we saw that they had split their band in two, to throw us off. I reported this to Gen. Carr, and he divided his forces, sending one detachment after each body of the fugitives.

I was with one of these two divisions. We were two hundred strong and for three days we stuck to the trail. Then I saw by the tracks that the two bands had come together again and were only a little way ahead of us. They outnumbered us three to one, for by this time we were far away from the rest of our force.

The Sioux must have seen how we were fixed, for at sunrise next day as we began our march, six hundred of them rode down on us, near the banks of the Platte River. We were in for trouble.

By sheer force of numbers they bore us back, till we found refuge in a gorge. There we made our stand. The Sioux rode around us in a great circle, firing as they rode. This is their regular form of attack. But our rifle fire at last smashed their circle and emptied twenty-five of their saddles. Then they scampered out of range. Twice they renewed the attack.

The second time they came on I crawled unseen behind the rocks until I was within range of their chief, Tall Bull. He saw me just as I raised my rifle. We fired together. A bit of my shirt's shoulder was cut off. Tall Bull tumbled over stone dead. His fall made the others give up the attack. They rode off.

Soon afterward Carr came up with the rest of his command and we caught up with the Sioux two days later. This time we had enough men for our purpose. We routed them after a fierce battle, and made prisoners of almost the entire band. We also rescued six white men and women they were carrying away. One of these was a post trader's pretty young wife. It was she whose footprints I had seen on the day of the first fight.

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NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Writes About

The Little Things of Love.


NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

A WOMAN reader has asked me to give her my opinion of a man who, she says, "tells his wife a dozen times a day that he loves her, but who never thinks of giving her a small present occasionally, not even a flower for her birthday. He becomes angry when he is reminded of some eventful anniversary, and will not talk to his wife for weeks if she happens inadvertently to say something that displeases him, no matter how trifling. She is a good, faithful wife, assists him in his business, is not extravagant and does not expect too much. Does he really love her? Does he know what the word means?"

It is always imprudent to tell a wife what you think of her husband, particularly when she asks you expecting a denunciation which in calmer moments she will be the first to resent. But at the risk of incurring the wifely displeasure I must say that while her husband may think he loves her, he does not really know the meaning of love at all.

No stingy person ever loves, for love is the essence of giving. I have on one or two occasions watched the struggle between love and avarice in a human breast, and avarice has won on every occasion.

Many excellent husbands begin by being careless of the little things of love—the flowers, the small compliments that to women mean so much. But once they have learned that a sentimental woman cares more for a bunch of violets than a deed to real estate they pay the occasional floral tribute with glad hearts and a genuine pleasure in the happiness the gift confers.

Women judge by little things, and the husband who is found lacking in them must expect to be weighed in the balance and found wanting. The average woman would perhaps sooner forgive a man for forgetting his marriage vows than for forgetting his marriage anniversary. Yet there are men who don't remember on what day they were married or their children's birthdays who could name the last ten winners of the Suburban without stopping to think.

If a woman is given the little things of love—the flowers, the restaurant dinner, the compliment on her new hat or the new way she does her hair—she will not be too exacting of the big things. That is why so many totally unworthy husbands are fondly loved by their wives.

The particular husband who has furnished this occasion for comment seems simply a boor—I don't see why his wife should consider the anniversary of her wedding to him a matter for celebration. But if she does, let her buy flowers for herself, telling him why, and give him hamburger steak for a week or two. Husbands, it seems to me, may be punished, as well as cajoled, through their stomachs. And there is absolutely no use in appealing to this man's heart—for he hasn't any.

The Matinee Idol's Hair.

DAVID BELASCO was talking about matinee idols. "Strange," he said, "the fascination that they exert upon young girls. I overheard the other day a literary conversation that is apropos. Two bald men were conversing. 'Did you ever read Shakespeare's "Love's Labor Lost"?' said the first. 'No,' growled the second baldhead, 'but I've taken my best girl to the theatre, and heard her rave all through the show about the leading man's heavenly hair.'"